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# Amherst Memories

Edited by

William B. MacNeill and John M. Clapp

Class of '90

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AMHERST MEMORIES.

A COLLECTION OF  
UNDERGRADUATE VERSE OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

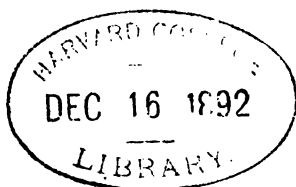
EDITED BY  
ALLAN BENJAMIN MACNEILL  
AND  
JOHN MANTEL CLAPP,  
CLASS OF '90.

"As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,  
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me."

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.:  
PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING AND BINDING COMPANY.  
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## INTRODUCTION.

College Verse, like College Song, has a flavor peculiar to itself. Exalted literary merits cannot be claimed for it,—the average undergraduate, even the extraordinary undergraduate who writes College Verse, has, as a rule, neither ideas especially worthy perpetuation nor dexterity of style for their expression,—and the work he turns out may appear to mature and impartial critics to be very crude and boyish. It would be inversion of the natural order of mental growth if such crudity were not found in writers so young as these. Nevertheless, by intelligent critics, College Verse is not absolutely to be condemned. Pretentious work of any sort is beyond the powers of student versifiers. But in the lighter forms of writing, which demand delicacy of touch, buoyancy of spirit, grace and freshness of expression,—the kind of writing that the *vers de societe* of recent years represents,—here the college man may

find a place, and a place that perhaps no one can fill with quite his success. The charm of this light verse consists in its spontaneity, its impersonality, its freedom from the restraints of actual life,—and these qualities belong distinctively to college men, or, if you please, college boys. Student versifiers having now in a great measure realized their powers and their limitations, their work has lost its worst defect, of insincerity, and is as deserving of intelligent discriminating notice as that of the maturer singers. Now and then, also, a real poet appears among them, to whom the higher things are not altogether forbidden, and who lifts up the whole level of undergraduate writing.

After all, however, the chief interest of college writing as such must spring from its associations. Its appeal must be to college men, past and present, as an incarnation of the atmosphere, the point of view, wherein lies the charm of college life and memories. It is as an expression of the undergraduates of Amherst,—their life and ideals, their shortcomings and boyishness as well, that this volume

finds its excuse for being. It would quicken in alumni and students of Amherst the memories of their Alma Mater,—memories of the intellectual influences and surroundings of those early years, just as of the friendships and fellowships of student days, and the setting of hill and valley and river about the quiet town.

The aim of the editors has been to represent as nearly as might be the verse-writing of the college in its completeness. No single period, no one variety of writing has been exclusively put forward ; if the greater part of the selections are of recent date, the reason is to be found in the finer work of the last few years.

To the many friends, among the Faculty and the alumni, who have given advice and assistance in the preparation of the volume, the editors would express their sincere thanks for this kindness.

A. B. MACNEILL,  
J. M. CLAPP.

*Amherst, Mass., June, 1890.*



*Alma Mater, live forever,  
Crowned with coronet of light,  
Girdled fair with wealth and beauty,  
Robed in purity and white.  
And as time upon the temples  
Leaves the silver print of days,  
May thy sons in growing circles  
Sing the chorus of thy praise.  
Into truest life and beauty  
Proudly, grandly, ever grow:  
Every year a brighter blessing  
To thee, from thee, ceaseless flow.  
Every morn a rarer promise  
Break upon thee with the light;  
Every eve a fairer laurel  
Grace thy purple and the white.*

*William Dwight Porter Bliss.*

*(From Ivy Poem, '78.)*





*CLASS-DAY POEM,*

'86.

*AMHERST MEMORIES.*

INTRODUCTION.

Brave Berthold the Dane, as the legends tell,  
Was ever befriended by fairy charm;  
And when in the battle a chance of harm  
Might come to the hero, or it befell  
The foe had attained to the victory,  
And Berthold, all bleeding and sadly torn,  
Lay dying of wounds he had bravely borne,  
Ah! then was he saved from his agony,  
And, carried away by a fairy's power,  
Was lovingly healed in her mystic bower.

For magical arts had the lady fair,  
And dearly she yearned for the hero's life;  
No mother's fond love or a mortal wife  
Could watch by the loved one with such a care;  
She bore him away to her fairy isle,  
And there did she nurse him so tenderly

That soon he was free from his misery.  
But when the great hero was healed, awhile,  
For love of his soul, she entranced him there,  
Then sent him to Denmark to do and dare.

Again for his country he battles, bold;  
Again do his countrymen hail their chief,  
And Danes are the braver for their belief  
That fairies are guarding their brave Berthold.  
But often the hero in stress of strife  
Is weary of battle, and longs once more  
For mystical love, and the sunny shore  
Of far away isles, till his fairy wife  
Again will return, and most lovingly  
Will bear him to bowers of the distant sea.

Now such a fond fairy is Love for thee,  
Dear Amherst, old Amherst, so bright and fair!  
And so in years hence when I fight with care,  
With worry of wealth or of poverty,  
With perils of want when my soul is faint,  
At times when I wearily drag me on  
My dusty routine till my strength is gone,  
And life is discouraged with sore complaint,  
Ah! then will my fairy return to me,  
And Love shall awaken my memory.

With kindest grace and with gentle smile,  
She'll bear me away to her happy home,  
Where sunlight still shines and no sorrows come,  
Away, yes away, to her blessed isle,  
Far over the oceans of time and space,  
Beyond all the work that my life has done,  
Away from its victories lost or won,  
Back, back, till again I may see the place  
Where four of my happiest years were spent,  
And life ran a-rollic with merriment.

The happy old days will be born anew,  
So dreamy with music and Amherst glee;  
Her hills and her halls once again I'll see;  
The birds will be singing, the sky be blue,  
As sunniest heavens of "Auld Lang Syne";  
I'll bury the present, and welcome joys  
Of college and life with the college boys.  
For youth will then rule and the sun will shine,  
And Love, the fond fairy, will carry me  
To happiest visions of memory.

*AMHERST SONGS.*

## FIRST MEMORY.

Guitars! guitars! their tones are ringing,  
Again I hear their melodies,  
And to my heart their strains are bringing  
A host of college memories.

Once more upon the green we're lying  
Behind the church or by the hall,  
Once more upon the night is dying  
Our "Here's to Amherst," best of all.

For college boys alone can sing them,  
Those songs of sweet hilarity;  
Their careless happy life can ring them  
With grace so careless and so free.

O life of lives! 'tis worth the living,  
Life's care and sorrow, once to be  
A college boy in college, giving  
His days to mirth and jollity.

No sun so glad the day will brighten,  
No moon so sweet the night will see,  
As suns that Amherst hills did lighten  
And moons that Amherst hearts set free.

For then were joyous boys parading,  
With torches bright for victory,  
And then our lips were serenading  
While sweet eyes smiled bewitchingly.

Aye! college life is mirrored brightly  
In college songs, with frolic rife;  
One sweet guitar will tell you rightly  
The secret charm of college life.

*AMHERST HILLS.*

## SECOND MEMORY.

Hills to the North! where, a slumbering lion,  
Tobey lies crouched in his carven pride;  
Unto eternity your inspiration  
For the beholder shall still abide.

Oft have I wandered your mighty sides over,  
Felt the wild vigor your summit gives,  
Climbed o'er your oaken spurs, roamed through  
your gorges,  
Lived the sweet life that a dreamer lives.

Hills to the East! where the early arbutus  
Tenderly trails o'er your pastured lands,  
Where with its glory and crowning of spruces,  
High o'er the Orient, Pisgah stands;

Who that hath stood by the church, on the Sabbath,  
Viewing your heights, with the vale between  
Sloping away to the bright-bordered river,  
Dared to imagine a fairer scene?

Hills to the South! your most beautiful rampart  
Ever appears, when our hearts recall  
Glorious Amherst, that lover of beauty,  
Dearly beloved, for its southern wall.

Like a high soul, that from trial and sorrow  
Gaineth a sweetness more pure and fine,  
Here hath this rampart, ice worn and storm riven,  
Grown to a loveliness more divine.

Hills to the West! but a curtain of beauty  
Suddenly rises before my eyes,  
For on the nearer and dearer horizon  
Views of the College of love arise.

I cannot look to those far away hill-tops,  
When in the interval thou art seen,  
Beautiful Hampton! the queen of the valley!  
Amherst, the prince, now salutes its queen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo, it is sunset! again I am standing  
On the high look-out of college tower;  
Over the meadows the bell of Old Hadley  
Softly proclaimeth the twilight hour.



Up to the North, where the Sugar-loaf mountain  
    Raises its ruddy bluff, stern and bold,  
Lordliest monarchs of light and of darkness  
    Meet on their Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Off in the West, all the daughters of azure,  
    Clouds are enrobed in their rich array;  
Southward the altars on Holyoke are burning  
    Tributes of fire to the Lord of Day.

Now doth a holy light rest upon Amherst;  
    Tenderly, Strength from the hills descends,  
Leading the heart to the Heart of all Beauty,  
    Who unto Amherst His beauty lends.

*AMHERST FRIENDSHIPS.*

## THIRD MEMORY.

Of all the joyous happy visions  
That Love shall summon to Her call,  
It surely will be sweet to treasure  
Our college friendships most of all.

O college life, and dear old Amherst!  
You granted many a boon to me,  
But better gift was never given  
Than that of college comradery.

For then our hearts were freely opened,  
And there our lives' best impulse flowed;  
No thought of benefit accruing  
Could stain the flame that purely glowed.

It was a generous flame and joyous;  
It seared away all selfish pride;  
O happy days when self was banished,  
And heart in heart could so confide!

It was as pure as it was happy,  
And though it burned our faults away,  
And flared at times perhaps too rudely,  
Its blessed brand shall ever stay

As long as manhood reigns in Amherst,  
As long as honor treads *her* hills;  
As long as hearts are proudly beating,  
And human love its joy instils.

So long shall rule this glad communion,  
So long shall college fellowship  
Be something that the world shall treasure,  
And never willingly let slip.

And most of all, my Alma Mater,  
May thy dear name still typify  
The friendship human hearts may cherish,  
Till "white and purple" cease to fly.

## ENVOI.

Such are my memories of Amherst,  
And so in years far down life's way,  
My love for thee, blest Alma Mater,  
Shall summon them and they obey.

*Allen Eastman Cross.*

*MEMORIAL DAY.*

Cover their graves with flowers,  
Who in the heavy hours  
    When the war-cloud  
Hung in their native sky,  
Went forth with cheers to die,  
    Eager and proud.

Finished the dread affray,  
Lightly we speak to-day  
    Of that grim strife;  
Sacred to them the cause,  
Who in the cannon's jaws,  
    Yielded up life.

Over each soldier's grave,  
Let the bright banner wave  
    For which he died;  
For 'though his lips are dumb,  
His deeds in time to come  
    Will be our pride.

Over our blood-bought land,  
Let every childish hand  
    Its tribute pay,  
In fragrant offerings meet,  
In boughs and blossoms sweet,  
    And garlands gay.

Gather with reverent tread  
Over the patriot dead,  
    Sleeping beneath ;  
Better than sculptured stone,  
Dim-lettered and moss-grown,  
    The May-flower wreath.

Weave it of blossoms rare,  
Lay it with tender care  
    Over each mound.  
Pass not a soldier by,  
The grass plots where they lie  
    Are hallowed ground.

To death and prison-pen,  
Gayly they marched as when  
    Out on parade ;  
Theirs not to grasp the prize,  
Theirs but the sacrifice,  
    Manfully paid.

While through the sunlit arch,  
Emblem of freedom's march,  
Our flag shall wave,  
Treasure the sacred dust,  
Cherish the nation's trust,  
The patriot's grave.

*Edwin George Alexander.*

*TRIOLET.*

Apple-blossoms, flakes of brightness,  
See them blooming everywhere.  
Orchards glow with rose-touched whiteness ;  
Apple-blossoms, flakes of brightness—  
Swift they fly with fairy lightness  
Snowing in the mild May air ;  
Apple-blossoms, flakes of brightness,  
Soft are drifting everywhere.

*LeRoy Phillips.*

*LAND AND SEA.**From the German.*

An isle lies dreaming far upon the sea,  
With mossy ruins it is thickly strewn,  
With myrtles green and laurels towering free  
And fragrant thyme luxuriantly o'ergrown.  
Naught but the sky and glistening clouds around,  
The sea rolls ever in with thundering sound,  
And dashing on the cliffs the white surf gleams,—  
I often hear it dashing in my dreams.

At midnight hour, within the misty gloom,  
The ruined walls are seen to rise once more,  
The island king emerges from his tomb,  
Around him knights and vassals as of yore,  
And gentle pages join with ladies fair  
In shadowy dance; and in the ruins bare  
Flash up the while the torches' ruddy beams,—  
I often see them flashing in my dreams.

And on through flashing foam and rolling swell  
The sea-gods come to join the festal scene.  
The air resounds with blasts of trumpet shell,  
With touch of harpstrings and of lyre serene;  
And over all the billows' thundering might  
The song of mermaids ringing through the night  
An answering echo from the laurels seems,—  
I often hear it echoing in my dreams.

*Henry Bullard Richardson.*

*ON A KISS FROM DI.*

There she trips,—  
Dainty Di, Eve's fairest daughter;  
Brute is he whose mouth don't water  
For the intoxicating bliss  
Of a precious, honeyed kiss  
From her lips.

*William Clyde Fitch.*



*RESIGNATION.**An Outline Study.*

A calmly grand and sweetly patient face,  
The perfect reflex of a perfect prayer :

A picture of rare grace  
In massive setting of her glorious hair.

Eyes with the softened longings of a soul  
That search the misty-reach with tuned accord.

Content in chastened love  
To wait the pleasure of her risen Lord.

She standeth at the casement, looking down  
O'er stubbly fields, and leafless, barren trees

Now fiercely gaunt and brown,  
And dumbly shivering in the wintry breeze.

And standing there she hears without a sigh  
The *Miserere* for the dying year,

That rises slow on high  
And climbs in shuddering wail into her ear.

*TO A SISTER OF CHARITY.*

Bewitching devotee,  
Thy shapeless garments cannot hide the grace  
And faultless symmetry  
Of thy fair form and vigil-chastened face.  
Thine eyes serene and pure  
Look out with glance demure  
Upon the world whose pleasures thou hast tried,  
And turned away  
With heart unsatisfied  
To fast and pray.

I count it grievous sin  
Such lips should pout within a cloistered nook,  
And cruel discipline  
Disturb thy maiden dreams with bead and book.  
Thou shouldst have been a wife  
And crowned some noble life  
With love's bright garland of immortal flowers.  
Such loveliness as thine  
In beauty's silken bowers  
Was meant to shine.

Though thou hast left the woes,  
The sudden shocks and sharper griefs of earth  
Outside the sacred close  
Whose arches shudder at the sound of mirth,  
I fancy, now and then,  
Sweet visions come again,  
And tender voices whisper in thy cell  
Love-laden rhymes  
That made thy bosom swell  
In former times.

It is a cruel creed  
That bids thy heart cast off all human ties ;  
A selfish world has need  
Of gentle counsels and sweet sympathies.  
He, whose handmaid thou art,  
When here, lived not apart  
From hearts and homes, but shared our joys and ills,  
And so must thou  
If thy young heart fulfills  
Its solemn vow.

*Edwin George Alexander.*

*DETERMINATION.*

Did you ever love a maid  
Who called herself quite staid,  
And said you must not hold her hand or seize it?  
Whose smile was yet so sweet,  
And whose pretty hand *petite*  
Just filled you with a mad desire to squeeze it?

One whose rosy little cheek  
Seemed to bid you come and seek  
What the pouting, dainty lips forbade you?  
Whose sparkling, dancing eye  
Seemed daring you to try,  
Till you had a wild desire to,—say, had you?

I will own I am in love  
With a maiden as above,  
And I'll tell you now a secret; it is this:—  
Next time the pretty creature,  
With every piquant feature,  
Seems to tempt me, I shall steal from her a kiss!

*William Clyde Fitch.*

*THOUGHT.*

The Thought is the unknown ; the gorgeous flame  
Is seen but in consuming, and the mind  
Doth ponder o'er its ashes, remnants small.  
Yet there are joyous figments, fantasies  
Which make the heart beat and the spirit throb  
With boldest longings, from these cinders formed ;  
The bright reflections of profoundest hope.  
Some, with the passionate strength of faith, do form  
Them into prophecies, and blindly dream,  
Intoxicate with their own madness ; some  
Do build high schemes of hope, religion's heights ;  
Some call them facts, eternal verities,  
And curve and square them as to them seems best.  
While some, the happiest, dream that they are dreams,  
And wander dreaming till the end doth come.

*Benjamin Eli Smith.*

*VESPER SPARROW.*

Where the May-flowers' sweet perfumes  
Scent the soft Spring air, and blooms  
Of the laurel now may show  
Ruddy clusters, where the glow  
Of the pink azaleas greet  
Loving eyes that chance to meet  
With their beauty, there I lay  
At the close of one June day,  
Stretched upon the upland grass,  
Watching till the light should pass  
Into darkness, and the hills  
Lose that soft blue haze which fills  
All their upland dells and valleys —  
Watching till those dreamy galleys  
Of the clouds should anchor hold,  
Yielding up their treasured gold  
To the shadows. Far below  
Passed the cattle to and fro  
In the pastures. All around  
Nothing broke the air, no sound

Save at times the far sweet tinkling  
Of a sheep bell, while the twinkling  
Of the night's first herald star  
Signaled on the sky afar  
Of the night's approach. I stirred  
As to go, but sudden heard  
One sweet bird note, softly dropped  
On the still dusk air; I stopped,  
Waited, listened there, until  
Over me there passed the thrill  
Of a solemn love, a feeling  
Sweet and sacred, as came stealing  
Once again, so plaintive, wild,  
Trill and quaver undefiled  
By a mortal taint. A lull  
Of some spirit wonderful  
Fell upon the upland heights,  
Blended with the waning lights  
Of the clouds, until I seemed  
To be one with all, or dreamed  
That God's love was in the air,  
As that bird ceased singing there.

*Allen Eastman Cross.*

*CHRISTMAS NIGHT.*

A little Babe, born lowly as could be ;  
A starry night, a shed where cattle live ;  
A gift, that gave thee all God had to give,  
The Saviour of the world, of you and me!

Ye sorry hearts, your weary burdens lift,  
Let praises, joyful sung, rise to the stars.  
Lo! here is come the balm for all your scars,  
God sends His Son to comfort, precious gift!

A little Babe, a Holy Birth, the sky  
Resounding with the angels' songs of this  
Glad night, the heavens bursting nigh with bliss!  
This night the world is saved, you are, and I.

*William Clyde Fitch.*



*THE BURDEN.*

Methought the earth grew weary as it sped  
Through sinful space,  
Like one who seeks, in wretchedness and dread,  
A resting place.

No rest it found, but ever onward went  
Its woeful way,  
Restrained by loathsome tides of sin that lent  
Pain to each day.

As, torn by winter wind, the pine groves moan  
With mournful sound,  
The laden earth gave utterance to a groan  
Of grief profound.

As if from dungeons or fierce fields of war,  
The wailing came,  
Quivering away to stars that gazed afar  
On earth's deep shame :

"O stars who glide in tranquil paths of peace,  
O sisters dear,  
From this dark burden show me some release;  
My sad cry hear."

Whereat the holy stars moved slowly on,  
Nor ceased their flight,  
Until, methought, they formed a cross that shone  
With healing light.

*John Bigham.*

### WAITING.

I love thee, darling! Couldst thou know  
My love for thee, then wouldst thou show  
Some favor slight  
For love's delight.

But yet, unmindful of the love  
Which knows no bounds for thee, sweet dove,—  
So coy thou art  
To waiting heart.

To thee my life I give each day ;  
Devotion's every act I pay ;—  
But all in vain  
Return to gain.

In vain from thee one word I seek,  
Or look, or glance, quick to bespeak  
My passion learned,  
My love returned.

My love, I wait to gain from thee  
A heart which thou canst give to me ;—  
A gift so free  
All mine to be.

When this shall be, why should I care  
So that it come? Till then I bear  
All anxious strife  
For thee, my life.

*Kirk Wilder Holmes.*

*A ROSE.*

I found thee on the ball-room floor last night,  
    Forgotten, unheeded,  
Crushed by her ruthless foot while my soul's might  
    A vain love-suit pleaded.  
And as she bruised thee  
    Sweeter fragrance didst thou proffer  
Than in freedom, blooming in the sunny field.  
    So she refused me —  
Stronger love my heart did offer  
Bruised and broken, sweeter love my heart did yield.  
Ah! what nestles to thy heart so near,  
    A dew-drop,—or a tear?

*Albert Sprague Bard.*

*O'ER SILENT LANDS.*

O'er silent lands falls soft the autumn eve;  
Earth seems to grieve,  
So deep and strong a spell doth darkness weave.  
The fallen leaves are sad and cold; so still they lie  
As men that die;  
No winds of night to give them sound pass by.  
The summer thistles still for winter wait;  
Here mourns its fate  
The whitening golden-rod, disconsolate.  
The asters withered splendor strive to hide  
Here close beside;  
The sumachs all have lost their crimson pride.  
No life, no color, meets my tear-dimmed sight,  
No hope, no light;  
The day has filled its time; now comes the night.  
From these sad lands I lift my drooping eyes,  
Grown quick more wise;  
If earth be dull and sad are then the skies?

Above the hills there lingers yet a line  
    Of light divine!  
The glare and blaze of day made pure and fine.  
Not yet the night is come; I still am free;  
    'Tis day for me;  
While there is light to see by, let me see.  
Lift thou thine eyes, my soul, up toward the west,  
    For that is best:  
Not in the day, but in the night comes rest.  
Till now thy gaze o'er silent lands has passed—  
    Must this, then, last?  
Must thou be always thus by earth held fast?  
Look up! and see what thou art given to see—  
    A light for thee;  
Though sadness be around thee, let it be.  
What though the light must fade and may not stay,  
    Hope pass away?  
When darkness falls it is no longer day.  
Live thou thy day, the whole, not part, but all,  
    Till night shall fall;  
Thus only is rest earned, not some, but all.

*George Bosworth Churchill.*

*BY THE NIGHT SEA.*

Where stalwart pines o'erhang a craggy sea,  
    Their somber shadows rocking on the surf,  
    Star-hushed, I lie upon the scanty turf,  
Silent in a slow-thoughted reverie.  
The still grand moon rises triumphantly,  
    And hoary ocean, at her golden birth,  
    Smiles like a young Endymion, while the earth  
From her broad meadows breathes low melody.

O what a calmed wonder overskies  
    The heart, grown still with looking on the waves,  
Where the eternity of beauty lies!  
    Kissing the softened waters Dian laves;  
And ceaselessly upon the night arise  
    Ten thousand echoes from harmonious caves.

*George Merriam Hyde.*

*DI'S MITTEN.*

Tho' a crumpled glove it be,  
Yet 'tis precious,—just to me ;  
    It was Di's.  
And the little hand that wore it,  
Heavens, did I not adore it!  
    With what sighs,  
Have I pressed those finger tips,  
Longing to try with my lips  
    Sweeter prize.

Such a darling little shape,  
Just the hand you want to take  
    In your own.  
And to call the owner dear, too.  
While you're sitting very near, too,  
    And alone.  
If a man will try and see,  
He will find, to love, he'll be  
    Very prone.



She was very sweet and shy  
When I whispered, "Lovely Di,  
    Be mine, love!"  
When her pretty hand I sought, too,  
When I thought her fairly caught, too,  
She fled from me with a start,  
Gave me smiling, not her heart,  
    But her glove.

*William Clyde Fitch.*

*WELCOME TO JUNE.*

Month of roses, hail! we greet thee.  
    Ling'ring by the way,  
    Dallying with May,  
Thou art tardy, yet we meet thee  
    With a welcome warm and bright  
    As the merriest of thy light,  
And in royalty would seat thee,  
    Gorgeous in array.

Thou art ushered in with singing,—  
Birds are everywhere,  
Decked in plumage rare,  
By their beauty true joy bringing.  
And their little voices trill  
Notes which make all Nature thrill,  
While the woods and glades are singing,  
Music fills the air.

Flowers and verdure thou art strewing  
With a bounteous hand  
O'er the dreary land,  
Nature's harshness thus subduing.  
Roses bloom in lavish waste,  
Shower their fragrance in their haste,  
Blush and perish with the doing,  
By thy zephyrs fanned.

Thou dost fill all life with pleasure,  
Flooding hearts with joys,  
Making hearts but toys,  
Glee and jollity thy treasure.  
Mirth and merrymaking reign,  
Sports and pastimes rule again;  
Fresh and gay in boundless measure,  
Thou bring'st no alloys.

*Clyde Weber Votaw.*

*AN AUTUMN REVERIE.*

Wind of autumn, breathing spices,  
Ravished from the woods and fields,  
In thy song a spell entices  
Stronger than a wizard wilds.  
I obey thee. Be thou master;  
Guide my feet o'er vale and rill,  
Lead me onward ever faster  
'Mid the cornstalks on the hill.

Let my path be long and winding,  
Bloom and fragrance fringe the way;  
Every turn fresh beauty finding  
Fairer than the flush of May.  
Autumn lingers, winter tarries,  
Laughter wings our joyful feet,  
Lighter heart no burden carries,  
In this autumn air so sweet.

*Waldo Edwards Nason.*

*VOICES OF NATURE.*

Beneath the all of nature and of man  
The World-soul throbs unseen, alone ;  
Through endless mazes of an endless plan,  
He weaves a garment of his own.

For æons solitary hath he wrought  
With patient, unremitting care ;  
No other soul was there to think his thought  
Or his divine emotions share.

At length the Weaver's lonely toil untold  
With sweet companionship is crowned ;  
Within himself a myriad selves unfold  
That have in him their being found.

Unrecognized, with life-bestowing power  
The World-soul in their hearts abides ;  
Beneath the cloud-form lurking and the flower  
Creator from his creature hides.

Still o'er his child with tenderness he broods ;  
He lingers lovingly, concealed  
Beneath the masks of nature's changing moods,  
And yet not wholly unrevealed.

The sunset sky with gorgeous coloring bright,  
That dies in evening's somber gray ;  
The star-strewn vault of queenly night ;  
The faint rose-tints of breaking day ;

The low, cool gurgle of the flowing rill ;  
The elm's majestic, stately grace ;  
The mellow roundness of the distant hill,  
That fades into the sky's embrace ;

The sob of ocean's surge, the storm's wild voice :  
Why wove the World-soul this disguise,  
This fair and radiant garment of his choice,  
To screen him from a mortal's eyes ?

Through these fair forms of nature's scroll  
In whispered utterance, soft and low,  
A mute, unworded discourse of the soul  
From nature's heart to man doth flow.

Faint intimations, mystic, undefined,  
Are breathed from flower and sky and tree :  
Like echoes borne upon the evening wind  
O'er quiet meadows from the sea.

Thus gently guided by the eternal Mind,  
We trace the mysteries of the unknown,  
Read nature till ourselves we read and find  
The soul of nature in our own.

*Willard Brown Thorp.*

### MORNING MISTS.

With eager step the traveler pushes on,  
Seeking to scale, ere break of morn,  
The mountain's height.  
Whence on the nestling lake and valley he may gaze,  
As o'er them steal the glorifying rays  
Of dawning light.

Deep shrouded in the dark encircling folds  
Of driving mist, still in his heart he holds  
The hope serene.  
That summit reached, the clouds will break away  
And let the pure light of the rising day  
Disclose the scene.

But closely clinging to the woods and hills  
By alchemy divine the mist distils  
The clearer rays,  
Into a tender, softened veil, which hides  
The lake, the valley, and the mountain's sides  
In mellow haze.

Every sharp outline dimmed, the landscape seems  
A phantom view from out the land of dreams,  
A sea of gold.  
Yet over all there hangs a tenderer grace  
Than if the untrammelled sun had filled the place  
With beauty cold.

*Shattuck Osgood Hartwell.*

*THREE SEASONS.*

Nature's bed-time,  
When her gold-red robes, unbound,  
Fall and leave her naked, shivering,  
And uncrowned.

Nature slumbers,  
Snugly wrapped in coverlet white,  
Woven fleece from cloudland pastures,  
Soft and light.

Nature waketh,  
Quick she summons, magic fairy,  
Emerald garments, gemmed with pearls,  
Cool and airy.

*Herbert Morgan Chase.*



*MATER DOLOROSA.**By Guido Reni, at Bologna.*

There is a holy calm in her deep eyes —  
The ebon cup of some dark pool is still,  
And all the moveless freight of stars, which fill  
Its somber depths, doth tell of that which lies  
So far above it ; but the silent skies  
And their mute, starry mirror have no speech  
Or pleading eloquence, that so can reach  
The human heart as that of her deep eyes.  
O Grieving Mother, hath the earth no balm  
Or solace for thee, that for evermore  
Thy raised immortal eyes should thus implore  
The smile of thy blest Son ; and is the calm  
That rests within them but the fond light thrown  
From His dear eyes, and mirrored in thine own!

*Allen Eastman Cross.*

*THE NEW MOON.*

The slender sickle of the new-born moon  
Cleaves a clear path adown the western sky,  
It glances on the river flowing by  
And hides behind the hills, too soon, too soon.  
The air is warm as is the air of June,  
And purple-clear as Italy's. On high,  
Above the peaks twin stars of evening lie,  
Chanting together their mysterious tune.  
Across the valley faintly floats the ringing  
Of bells of evening. Nature on all sides  
Is whispering peace, and memory backward glances  
Unto the Past, a silver mantle flinging  
O'er rock, and bay, and softly-flowing tides  
Where late I floated under moonlight's lances.

*George Noyes Whipple.*

*DAWN.*

On the heavens' jetty floors,  
Jewel tiled,  
Gauzy bands, unrolling slowly,  
Spread their luster faint and holy,  
Forth beguiled  
Through reluctant sunward doors.  
Dim hangs the misty frost-veil over calmly slumb'ring  
hills.  
Soon their dreaming loveliness  
At the dawn beam's chaste caress  
Mutely wakes;  
The sleep charm breaks;  
Swift fades the hazy frost-veil from the beauty of  
the hills.

*John Bigham.*

*REBUKED.*

I saw her kneel in church, so sweet and pure,  
    With face demure  
Bowed down ; and eyelids with dark sweep  
    Of lash, to keep  
Out worldly sight, which only maddened me  
    Anxious to see  
The beauty of the eyes they hid beneath.  
    The merry teeth  
Hushed calm by lips, boon truly for love's song,  
    That made me long  
To be a little prayer on them to lie,  
    Be breathed and die.  
And while I gazed a sunbeam kissed her hair,  
    A halo there  
Shone deep into my heart, rebuking sweet.  
Belief burst all upon me, at *His* feet  
    I knelt in prayer.

*William Clyde Fitch.*

*EASTER DAY.*

O day of days for bruised hearts ! O rest most meet  
For weary bearers of great crosses ! Comfort sweet  
To lonely souls ; and sympathy for tearful eyes ;  
To-day, the Saviour Christ is risen to the skies !

And the angelic joy, the bliss, the ecstasy,  
Ringing through Heaven, echoes soft in you, in me.  
With those whom God has taken, who rejoice above,  
Our own hearts, reaching, sing in harmony through  
love.

Let every heart its Easter celebrate ; let those,  
Our joys, in deep grief buried, rise as He arose.  
Come chant with glad lips, save the live, there are  
no dead !

By hope, and peace, and joy, let every soul be led.

The anthems, gladness, Easter buds and blossoms, tell  
One glory all,—the Risen Lord,—transform the knell  
Into the ring of victory, a joyous strain,—  
“In Him shall all be made alive!” divine refrain !

*William Clyde Fitch.*

*VIRGIN AND CHILD.**By Sassoferrato, in the Vatican.*

The lily on still waters is at peace,  
And over it the woods hang dreamily.  
There seems no motion in the earth or sky,  
Save where the lonely moon doth never cease  
Its silent drifting, till the sun release  
The lily and the landscape from the gloom.  
Ah, then the morning comes; the lily's bloom  
Doth grace the sunny air; in sweet caprice  
The joyous day hath touched the lily lids  
With her fond smile; and lo, the golden heart  
Is open on the waters, while apart  
The petals lie, for 'tis the sunshine bids.  
So liest Thou, Dear Babe, in perfect rest,  
Such will Thy waking be upon her breast.

*Allen Eastman Cross.*

*A RONDEAU.**For St. Valentine's Day.*

My Valentine I prithee be,  
Sweet maid, who art so dear to me.  
    I love thee for thy bonny eye.  
    It glances,—and I fain would die,  
If only I might die for thee.

Thy cheeks,—none rosier can I see,  
I love them also greedily,—  
    A lover of thee all am I,  
    My Valentine!

Those pouting lips,—for them I sigh.  
O, if I were a butterfly,  
    Or if I were a honey-bee,  
    I know where *I* for sweets would flee!  
That now of course I dare not try,  
    My Valentine!

*William Clyde Fitch.*

*THE WANING YEAR.*

The Summer bloom is spent in Autumn's chill.  
When lo! October's touch has turned the woods  
To glowing fire. The short'ning days are still.  
Long grow the nights. I hear November's blast.  
To brown, the maple's gold and red are changed :  
The ling'ring verdure dies. The leaves fall fast,  
And rustling drift upon the frozen ground.

The russet cornfields shiver in the dawn,  
And frowning clouds hang low, the while frail mists  
Steal o'er the frosty mead. All birds are gone  
In flight, to seek a warmer Southern sky.  
Thus Autumn robes the earth in gloomy garb,  
Drear Winter's step is heard, the snow clouds fly,—  
So wanes the ling'ring year, and so is past.

*Willard Brown Thorp.*



*CHILDHOOD LAND.*

In Childhood-land  
A merry band  
Of light-souled children hand-in-hand  
Fill life's May-day  
With eager play  
While time glides lingeringly away.

A beauteous land  
On whose white strand  
The blue sea's ripples kiss the sand  
Where snow-winged ships  
Dart from the slips  
Like holy thoughts from childhood's lips.

A holy land,—  
Love's mystic wand  
Wards off the thrust of sin's keen brand,  
And evening air  
Is everywhere  
Hushed with sweet words of childish prayer.

O fatherland —  
By hard command  
From thee forever gone, we stand  
In Manhood-land  
So toilsome, grand,  
And yearn for thee, O Childhood-land.

*John Bigham.*

*SERENADE.*

Something in this summer night  
Leads my roving will,  
Something in the soft moonlight  
Keeps me near thee still.

Here what late I dared not say—  
All my heart doth long—  
Lady dear, this night I may  
Breathe to thee in song.

Standing in thy garden shrine,  
Love, I plead with thee ;  
Seest thou these flowers of thine,  
How they plead for me ?

Lily never did lament  
Men should find it fair ;  
Rose did never yet repent  
Odors flung to air.

Then amid thy dreams, my sweet,  
Keep one thought of me,  
Where thy slumber-fancies meet,  
Pure 'mid purity.

So within thy heart shall I  
This dear night be thine,  
As, while all my nights speed by,  
Thou art always mine.

*George Bosworth Churchill.*

*THE SISTINE MADONNA.**By Raphael, in the Dresden Gallery.*

A twilight star that rests above the steep  
Of yonder mountains, as the sun goes down,  
Hath stilly resting ; for, the heavens drown  
The bustle of our world. They may not keep  
A sound so petty in their spacious deep ;  
They know no hurry ; passionless and still  
Their far dark spaces rest, and lights which fill  
Their tranquil chambers are as if asleep.

O Virgin Mother, thou hast purity  
O'ermatching e'en the heavens' still remove  
From taint of earth. Blest Child, the Christ must be  
Within thine eyes ; and in the trusting love  
Of each for each, the large supremacy  
Of your repose is as a star above.

*Allen Eastman Cross.*

*BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY.**The Andante.*

Exquisite nectar of immortal flowers,  
Fine confluence of harmonious joy and pain,  
Glassed in the bosom of thy silvery strain,  
Behold this transitory life of ours.  
We are young awhile; the thymy winds are sweet,  
Heaven-high we soar; the meteors lend their wings;  
Roses are,—love laughs,—the maiden clings,—  
The constellations blaze beneath our feet,—  
Ah, woe, the cold! the wailing trees are bare;  
The stony grasp of an ironic fate  
Holds us; breezes and billows cry, Too late,  
And Atropos arrives to frosty hair.  
—I hear the tears that fall among thy flowers,  
Ethereal vision of this world of ours.

*E. J. H.*

## TWO WOOINGS.

I wooed a maiden long ago,  
A blithe and pretty maid was she;  
And I,—  
I loved her, or I thought 'twas so,  
And when I fondly told her, lo,  
She smiled, and sighed, and said, "Oh no!  
It really could not, could not be,—  
Good bye!"

I loved again, a maiden true,  
And truly loved her, loved her, aye,  
And she?  
With smile so winsome, told me too,  
She lived because I came to woo.  
The rest I need not tell to you,  
How dear, how fair a bride have I.  
Ah me!

*William Clyde Fitch.*

*FULL MOON.*

I waked. And through the half-shut blind  
A brightness plaided all the counterpane,  
But shone unshadowed on my face. No stain  
Of cloud, no starspeck could I find;  
Methought the search of the Infinite Mind  
Had frightened off heaven's spheres. All space  
lay bare;  
The All-Pervading Eye alone was there.  
That Gaze! the very God behind!  
And scrutinizing me! A world—  
Not price enough—could not have bought  
To judge a friend, or think an impure thought;  
I'd not have dared. As self uncurled  
Its coils from life, beneath that Look, how small  
The finite shrank! and death seemed trivial.

*Albert Sprague Bard.*

*ON THE SHORE.*

The lingering stars are dying.  
    O'er the bay  
    From far away  
The morning breeze comes sighing  
    Plaintively ;  
And into life and motion  
Doth wake the drowsy ocean  
Whose unconscious breast is heaving  
    Dreamily.

The skipper's boat is making  
    Seaward now,  
    And o'er her bow  
The playful wave is breaking  
    Into spray.  
I watch her lightly speeding  
As a white winged bird, receding  
Till she melteth into distance,  
    Far away.

*William Ball Colton.*



*DI'S SMILE.*

Have you ever seen Di's smile?  
Oh, 'tis pretty!  
It is very worth your while,  
If you ever hap to meet her,  
Not to miss the chance to greet her  
In the park or on the street,  
To enjoy the subject sweet,  
Of my ditty.

If it does not stir your heart,  
More's the pity!  
If you've seen the ripple start,  
Coy with cherried lips opposing,—  
Pearly glimpses, too, disclosing,  
On the rampage, dimples, blushes,—  
What are you that scornful, hushes  
My wee ditty.

*William Clyde Fitch.*

*DAY DREAMS.*

Every cloud conceals a castle,  
    Though rude winds may break it soon;  
Lives are written on each shadow  
    Creeping o'er the hills at noon.

Boys may win in fiercer battles  
    Than their hilted fathers know,  
Youth oft reaps a gladder harvest  
    Than its riper years can sow.

Many song birds shake their pinions  
    In this ghostly land of thought,  
Bringing with them sweeter music  
    Than the birds of Spring have brought.

There the student, pale and thoughtful,  
    Smooths his furrowed brow an hour,  
There the potency of reason  
    Stoops to own a subtler power.

There the rustic quits the furrow,  
Halts the spent team in the shade,  
Builds a honeysuckled cottage,  
Woos and wins a brown-eyed maid.

Dream on, scholar, and thy forehead,  
Though entwined with laurel leaves,  
Ne'er shall greet a greener chaplet  
Than the wreath which fancy weaves.

Dream on, peasant, half unconscious,  
Dream beside thy panting team!  
For the fairest of the village  
Is not fairer than thy dream.

*Joseph Brainerd Thrall.*

### THE BOOK.

Slowly at first I perused the book,  
Then, as the story grew,  
Deeply attentive, with eager look,  
I read the volume through.

Fitful changes, firm hopes, vague fears,  
In the book were typified ;  
Rapidly passed the days and years ;  
Friends came and went ; loved ones died.

Age carved its runes on the boy's smooth face  
And whitened the maiden's curl ;  
A mighty city usurped the place  
Where the quaint mill ceased its whirl.

Onward incessantly flowing, the tale  
Bore me along to the end,  
Weeping or joyful, flushed or pale,  
Urged by its deathward trend.

The words were senseless, each page bound fast  
In the book that lay in my hand ;  
In an hour I read it, yet lifetimes passed,  
As if moved by a magic wand.

Is life a wonder-book printed and bound  
Ere creation's primal glow ?  
Its author and printer who has found ?  
Shall man the mystery know ?

*John Bigham.*

*SPRING SONG.*

With joyful, boisterous shout and lusty cheer,  
The new-born Spring bursts forth in rapturous  
singing,  
Awakening from her sleep the gay New Year,  
The chimes of the new life with gladness  
ringing—  
The March winds anthems to our hearts are  
bringing,  
The prelude of a tender melody;  
While overhead the birds in swift air winging,  
Their witness give in carols full of glee—  
And light, and love, and truth hold sway—all  
sorrows flee.

*James Herbert Low.*

*MY PHYLLIS.*

My Phyllis, O my Phyllis,  
O have you seen her, say?  
A little maiden still at school,  
I meet her ev'ry day.  
'Tis true I do not know her name,  
But then I love her all the same,—  
One cannot love by any rule,  
My Phyllis, my sweet Phyllis.

My Phyllis, O my Phyllis,  
With cunning glove of tan,  
With your sunshade brightest scarlet,  
With fascinating fan.  
The glances in your eye that lurk  
Go forth, ah me, to fatal work,—  
You dainty, dangerous coquette,  
My Phyllis, lovely Phyllis.

My Phyllis, O my Phyllis,  
I'd fain indeed be wise,  
I know your ev'ry wile, you see,  
And yet before those eyes,  
I'm glad to stand a target, too,  
And only beg just this of you  
Whom I adore, that you'll love me,  
My Phyllis, darling Phyllis.

*William Clyde Fitch.*

### NIGHTFALL.

As calms my roving will  
The evening's still  
At dark,  
I gaze half consciously  
On land and sea,  
And mark  
The stars in grand array  
At set of day  
Grow bright.

Slow sinks the sun, and fades  
With tinted shades  
    The night.  
Whilst now in dreamy guise  
Through half-closed eyes  
    The ray  
Of one lone drooping star,—  
O'er waters far  
    At play,—  
I watch. A faint light gleams,  
A light that seems  
    To grow;  
And sheds the while I gaze  
A mellow haze  
    Below.  
From out the billows' brim  
The gilded rim  
    Of yon  
Fair moon mounts up to gain  
The heavenly plain.  
    Upon  
The earth there seems to fall  
A stillness, all  
    Profound;  
Save as with ceaseless beat  
The waves repeat  
    Their sound.

*LeRoy Phillips.*



*EPODON.*

Haec institutio Amherst est,  
Omnium collegarum best ;  
Ejus profs, tutores sunt  
Punkins sum.

Ubi facultatis lex  
Cum potestate et Prex  
Regunt Freshmanorum mores  
Mentes et que.

Expellunt Sophomores nunc,  
Suspendunt Juniores tunc  
"Cum dignitate" Seniores  
"Otium" capiunt.

Jam salvete, O salvete,  
Curam for yourselves habete,  
Ne hanc locam relinquetis  
Very suddenly.

*Anon., Amherst Scorpion, 1852.*

## THE LEGEND OF HADLEY.

*From the Class Poem of '82.*

It may be the elms, those settlers old,—  
Standing like sentinels clad in brown  
Along the streets of the quaint old town,  
With whispering branches that down the line  
Seem forever passing the countersign,—  
Saw the strange event in their far-off youth.  
Perchance to the mountains, at whose feet  
Lie the wide-flung arches of Hadley street,  
The vague tradition is filled with truth.  
If so, they tell not, and while they hold  
Their silence unbroken, still untold  
By those who saw it, the story old  
Remains but a fancy of that far time,  
An idle theme for a poet's rhyme.

Turn the hands of Time on the dial back  
Along the centuries' vanished track ;  
Unwind the coils of the shining spheres  
That mark the flight of two hundred years,

And the woods rise about us. Peaceful and still  
Their surface unbroken, on valley and hill  
Lie the waves of the forest. Stealthy and slow  
Through its dim recesses the wild beasts go ;  
And, scarcely less savage or bloody than they  
Through many a tangled and intricate way,  
The red man is seeking his innocent prey.  
'Tis the reign of the autumn, the hectic flush  
Over the landscape proclaims the touch  
Of the frost-king's finger. Far unrolled,  
The forest uplifts its banners of gold.  
Round Holyoke's summit the purple haze  
Speaks of the coming of winter days.  
And, nestling close at the mountain's feet,  
Old Hadley's straggling village street  
Is stirring with life, as to and fro,  
Gathering their stores from the winter snow,  
To their fields and back the settlers go.

How calm and peaceful! The sharpest eye  
Catches no glimpse of danger nigh,  
Yet it comes to meet them. Oh! that some ear  
Might hear its footsteps drawing near,  
And rouse the people to watch and fear!  
Sudden and sharp a hideous yell,  
Like the angry shout of demons in hell,

Rings through the village. A rush of feet,  
Dark figures swarming along the street,  
The hiss of arrows, the flash of knives,  
And the settlers, their innocent babes and wives,  
Go down before the red man's attack  
Like shapes of cloud in the whirlwind's track.  
Helplessly, hopelessly, without a thought  
Of final safety, the white men fought,  
With the stern despair of those who know  
They are facing an angry, implacable foe,  
That gives no quarter. With blow on blow,  
Still closer the painted demons pressed,  
A single thought in each savage breast,—  
To finish the slaughter they had begun.  
When, lo! before the wondering eyes  
Of the startled settlers, seemed to rise  
A strange deliverer, whose face in the sun  
Gleamed like the face of the Shining One.  
With the stirring notes of a battle shout,  
His voice on their anxious ears rang out.  
Like a ray of light in their dark despair,  
They caught the flash of his sword in air,  
They followed the gleam of his long white hair,—  
Followed to victory! Over the dead,  
Among the dying, back he led

The living to triumph. Madly through  
The pathless forest the red men flew  
In wild disorder, their conquering shout  
Changed to a cry of despair and rout.

Flushed with triumph, the settlers turned  
To thank the strange, mysterious one  
Whose timely assistance had led them on,  
To a victory hardly yet surely won,—  
But he had vanished! Language or name,  
Or whither he went, or whence he came,  
Not one among them could venture to say,  
But one whispered low, "Doubt who may,  
I saw in the leader with flaming sword  
A militant saint of our risen Lord.  
Hush your voices, kneel and pray,  
For an angel has fought in your ranks to-day."

Drifts of snow-flakes and of blossoms  
O'er the ancient town,  
Twice a hundred years have scattered  
Slowly, softly, down ;

Till the story of that battle  
Is a legend old,  
But the secret of its leader  
Still remains untold.

Banished prince, or angel helper,  
Which of these was he?  
Was he but an outlawed, exiled,  
Polish refugee?

Very little does it matter,  
Let the dark he sought  
Draw its curtains of concealment  
Round the man who fought.

Only let his strange appearance  
In the surging strife,  
Bring its lesson to the soldiers  
On the fields of life.

From the dim, mysterious shadows  
Closing round our feet,  
As of old the pathless forest  
Bordered Hadley street,

Stealthy foemen rush to meet us,  
And their fierce attack  
Turns our faces, sends our forces  
Reeling, flying back.

Till some power above us leads us,  
And a rallying shout  
Brings us conquest from confusion,  
Victory from rout.

High or lowly, prince or pauper,  
Who or what he be,  
That inspires us, matters little,  
So that only we

Let his inspiration guide us,  
Follow, follow on,  
Fierce and breathless, till the deathless  
Victory be won!

*Hosea Gordon Blake.*

*MATER AMABILIS.*

*By Sassoferrato, in the Church of the Salute at Venice.*

A searching mournfulness is in her gaze :  
Her eyes have tender shadows, and the love  
That rests within them lieth far above  
All reach of passion. Tenderly it weighs  
Like music on one's soul, till it obeys  
The same sweet influence : it hath a spell  
That cometh like the twilight in a dell  
Where waters sleep, and thrushes sing their lays.

Mater Amabilis, thy dark sweet eyes  
Have made me purer with their tender shade ;  
Upon my soul their holy spell is laid ;  
May it rest there forever till there lies  
The same deep power of tenderness in me,  
And I attain thy sweet benignity.

*Allen Eastman Cross.*



*COUP DE GRACE.*

In the moonlight she looked so winning,  
I wondered if it would be amiss,  
Or I should be guilty of sinning,  
To steal from those lips just one kiss.

"Of what are you thinking?" she questioned  
From those lips with their sweetness rare.  
"I was thinking I would like to kiss you ;  
But really I don't think I dare."

"Faint heart never won"—then she faltered,  
And her blushing face vainly she hid ;  
For I raised it. "I'll kiss you—you love me?"  
She said, "Yes, I do,"—and I did.

*Frederick James Eugene Woodbridge.*

*AT NIGHT.*

The west has lost its fairest flush of red,  
The purple haze whose tender veil held fast  
The far-off hills in soft embrace, has passed  
Away, and only round the mountain's head  
Clings still in dim-white mist. The day is dead.  
The hills bend close and o'er the river cast  
A sweet and silent sadness, that at last  
Their blue reflected glory all is fled.  
No sound save some low gurgle of the stream  
Or whippoorwill's hoarse call from thicket dank,  
And, save where apple-blooms beyond the bank  
Sigh out their fragrant breath, no odors rise.  
Friend's hand clasps hand, dim eyes look into eyes,  
Each feels that life is not "a fading dream."

*George Bosworth Churchill.*

*"TRUST HER STILL."**From the Class Poem of '76.*

O holy stars above me,  
O crescent pure and bright,  
Come, tell me, does she love me,  
Dreams she of me to-night?  
Your answer heed I will,—  
"Trust her still."

O zephyrs softly sleeping,  
O brooks with pebbly keys,  
Come, soothe my soul, 'tis weeping  
For your sweet harmonies.  
Your music heed I will,—  
"Trust her still."

O sleep, with downy pinions,  
From dreamland changeeful, gay,  
Waft me to your dominions,  
Where Fancy-angels play.  
Your visions heed I will,—  
"Trust her still."

*William Henry Sybrandt.*

*MY DREAM.*

A dream I dreamed  
So natural that naught but life it seemed.  
Distress to bear  
So hard,—and keenest pain,—and this world's care,  
With every struggle, both for love and fame,  
A failure, that I could but pray the same  
Would tempt the Fates to cut the thread of Life,  
To end the strife.

Awaking now,  
With gratitude, with reverence I bow  
Before that Will  
Who calms all struggles, storms, with "Peace, be  
still!"  
I own my gladness and my joy rehearse;  
My dream has taught me lives may oft be worse,  
And with my own true love, I humbly would  
Sing, God is good.

*William Clyde Fitch.*

*LAST VERSES TO DI.*

Dear Di, my love for you no more  
I'll sing here, where so oft before  
    I've tuned my heart.  
Here other youths their loves will greet,  
Not you, tho' none are half so sweet,  
    We must depart.

Thus Time plays too upon us here ;  
We're soon forgot, a little year  
    Our place supplies  
These pages your sweet name has graced,  
On them another's will be placed,  
    For others' eyes.

Perhaps my rhyming has seemed crude.  
But ne'er was man with love imbued  
    As I, for you.  
Men oft have sung in fairer score,  
But I, I love, no less, no more,  
    Love thee, adieu.

*William Clyde Fitch.*

*THREE CROWNS.*

An Asian monarch's diadem  
Encrust with many an envied gem  
    Resplendent :  
Tears frozen ; life drops turned to stone ;  
Pale crystals,—each a yearning groan  
    Ascendant.

A wreath of glossy olive leaves  
From kneeling world a prince receives  
    Disdaining ;  
But soon each frailly clinging leaf  
Sears deep the baffled heart its grief  
    Retaining.

On sad Golgotha's trembling height,  
While shame o'er veils the shrinking light  
    Before him,  
His haloed brow with thorns is crowned,  
And kings, who now their king have found,  
    Adore him.

*John Bigham.*

*A VISION.*

I wondered, as I once lay down to rest,  
If Death with dread and dark uncertainty  
Should come upon me in my sleep and say :

“I, Death, do summon thee,  
Bid all you love farewell.”

Thus wondering I fell in troubled sleep ;  
And on my sleep a glorious vision came  
Of two fair spirits clad in garments bright ;  
Both bright, yet one was sad ;  
The other calm and sweet.

Then said the spirit of the saddened face :  
“Why art thou troubled, friend? See, I would bring  
Thee treasures of the world, fame, honor, wealth,  
All that which men esteem.  
—Wouldst thou not me?”

The other spirit smiled, and all his face  
Shone with a holy light. His voice was like  
Sweet chimes of silver bells when night is still.

“I bring thee perfect peace.  
—Wouldst thou not me?”

“Sweet spirit, give me peace,” I said, “but thou  
Whose face is sad in spite of all thou hast,  
What is thy name?” “My name,” he said, “is Life.”

“And thine?” The other then  
Replied : “My name is Death.”

*Frederick James Eugene Woodbridge.*

### MORNING.

Low in the east, the rising sun's first beams  
Light up the sky with silver glow, that seems  
To break the spell in which Night held the earth.  
Then all the birds awake to greet the birth  
Of day ; and in sweet harmony proclaim  
That Night has gone, that Morn has come again.

*Frederick James Eugene Woodbridge.*



*THE FOUNTAIN.*

Brightly glancing  
Lightly dancing,  
Where the sunbeams play,  
Melody breathing,  
Rainbows wreathing  
With its foamy-fingered spray,—

Quivering, flashing,  
Upward dashing  
Toward the arching blue,  
Heavenward winging,  
The fount is flinging  
Ever pearly showers of dew.

Its crown it shaketh  
When morning breaketh  
Over hills of gray;  
Twilight kisses  
Those wind-blown tresses  
Ere it softly steals away.

*Francis Guild Burgess.*

*ON SEEING A PICTURE OF DI.*

No picture do I need to wear  
Thee, Di, upon my heart, or bear  
Thy image within my eyes ;  
There's scarce a moment 'twill not rise,  
Rise, too, with all its girlish beauty, there,  
Yet there, e'en is not all thy beauty rare.  
Then who so foolish as to hope to place  
On common paper thy own lovely face!  
Naught but supernatural power  
Could ever paint so sweet a flower.

*William Clyde Fitch.*

*A SONNET OF THE MOONLIGHT.*

The fair moon wanes, but yet her gentle soul  
Still brooding o'er the valley ceaselessly,  
All things are one by her sweet tyranny:  
Each sense involved in the perfect whole,—  
Felt in the soft grass round yon black oak-bole,—  
Heard in the tone of whippoorwill's soft plea  
Springing from silver depths of scented lea  
That lies soft-veiled beneath the lonely knoll.  
The far gray mountains bow their ancient heads;  
The stream below glides gently on its way,  
Whereon the moon as lovely graces sheds  
As 'twere no muddy water-power by day.  
Dull fears, wild hopes are gone,—nay, all save rest.  
"Sweetness and peace," I breathe, "these are the  
best."

*Henry Walcott Boynton.*

*UNLOCKED.*

I could not speak what yet I often wished to say ;  
A pretty compliment I'd think, but — puff, away  
It flew on wings, before I gave it breath, the while  
Another's graceful words had won the longed-for  
smile.

Then lo, a miracle,— no warning, forth there rushed  
All that I e'er had thought of grace, and lips had  
hushed.

Devotion, adoration, nothing left to seek,  
At last love opened wide my lips and let me speak.

*William Clyde Fitch.*

## SONG.

The voice of bells at even  
    Floats softly o'er the bay ;  
And laughing, sighing, sobbing,  
Above the moonlight throbbing,  
    Dies sweetly far away.

While low the bells are chanting  
    At passing of the day,  
My heart is muffled beating,  
Those tender tones repeating  
    That ling'ring die away.

For thus time's echoes ever,  
    That o'er life's waters stray,  
Beyond our ken receding,  
Into the dark night speeding,  
    Are dying far away.

*Francis Guild Burgess.*

*WIND VOICES.*

Hither and yon the gay winds blow,  
Now from the tropics, now o'er endless snow,  
Steeped in the spices of Pacific lands,  
Fierce with the heat from far Sahara's sands;  
Lashing the sea in billows mountain high,  
Stealing through groves of pine with mournful sigh  
That seems an echo from the grave. Once more,  
Rippling the waters on the distant shore,  
The wind with touch of velvet passes by,  
As 'neath the glories of a starlit sky,  
Careless of heart, we glide along,  
Breaking the calm of night with joyful song.  
Within their airy folds they carry fast  
The diverse influence of a whole world's past;  
Until Æolus' harp, touched by their breath,  
Which wakes the tense strings from their silent  
    death,  
Blends hurricane and zephyr in a strain  
That has no discord in its grand refrain.  
Note follows note in one harmonious whole,—  
A chant evoked from Nature's deepest soul.

*Shattuck Osgood Hartwell.*

*RONDEL.*

Cupid dwells within thine eyes,  
Hiding in their shadowy deeps,—  
Where in lotus-warmth he lies  
Plunged in truant, mocking sleeps.

There the flickering love-tints rise  
That thy proud will hardly keeps.  
Cupid dwells within thine eyes,  
Hiding in their shadowy deeps.

I'll no more of timorous sighs—  
No more see the frown that leaps  
From thy brow—it quickly flies—  
From thy lids the elf-lord peeps.  
Cupid dwells within thine eyes,  
Hiding in their shadowy deeps.

*Henry Walcott Boynton.*

*THE GLEN.*

There is a nook among the distant hills  
Which every morning with sweet perfume fills  
Of fragrant wild flowers, with the note of bird  
And woodland voices, which, by echo heard,  
Come back in stiller melody of fading song.  
A little brook, slow creeping all day long  
O'er grassy slopes that in their thirst  
Drink of its cooling streams, seems here to burst  
With pent up laughter, as all bubbling o'er  
It leaps from rock to rock. Back from the shore  
The steep banks rise with rugged cliffs that frown  
Upon the little stream. Cold drops flow down  
Like tears along their wrinkled faces, as they weep  
For their hard lot, since they must ever keep  
An endless watch upon the peaceful glen.  
High on the summits grow tall pines; and when  
The soft wind through their branches sighs,  
A plaintive melody now swells, now dies



Away upon the air. The shadows fall  
And dance fantastic measure over all  
The glen, when sunbeams shed their radiance bright.  
And when the evening comes and closing night  
Has hushed all nature in a quiet sleep,  
The silver moonbeams in caresses meet  
The sparkling, shining waters of the stream.  
No longer does its noisy babbling seem  
Like laughter, but a lullaby. The air  
Is still ; and rest and peace are everywhere.

*Frederick James Eugene Woodbridge.*

### THE BELL BUOY.

Brightly the embers of the dying day  
On beach and distant city cast their gleam,  
Tinting with changeful lights the glassy bay ;  
The peaceful closing of a summer's dream.

Over the water's silent, broad expanse,  
We hear the tinkling of a sweet-toned bell,  
As now and then the buoy on yonder reef  
Receives the motion of the gentle swell.

Again the tide rolls in with broadening sweep,  
Beneath the glowing stars and pale moon's light,  
In sterner tones, unceasing, loud and deep,  
The bell repeats its warning through the night.

But when by storm the waves are tossed and lashed  
And hidden ledges beat the sea to foam,  
While high above the buoy the spray is dashed  
To fall and break again upon the stones,

Then o'er the mighty gnashing of the waves  
Sounds a discordant clamor from the bell,  
Ringing, exultant, above sailors' graves  
Or tolling fiercely some ship's final knell.

Constant interpreter of Nature's thought,  
Thy changeful music hath a note for each!  
By thy clear voice God's silences are wrought  
Into the symbols of our human speech.

*Shattuck Osgood Hartwell.*

*"THE LAST TOKEN."**Gabriel Max.*

What recks she of the multitudinous rage  
That roars around the Coliseum's walls?  
Freshly she blushes, though behind her crawls  
The long, lithe tiger issuing from his cage,  
And though yon loathlier couple, drunk with gore,  
Are tumbling in their maudlin amity  
Beside her on the spotty stones,—for see,  
There lies her lover's rose upon the floor.  
She sees him and she laughs; her pure sweet eyes  
Gaze into his that ache with heavy tears  
And there they rest; ah! what a smile she wears  
As though she heard the harps of paradise—  
Art thou a man, O lover? One swift leap,  
And snatch with her an everlasting sleep!

*E. J. H.*

*TO AMHERST COLLEGE.*

Dear Amherst! nestling 'mid surrounding hills,  
The fairest picture seen from Pelham's height  
Or Warner's crest, or Holyoke gaily dight,  
When murmuring music from the mountain rills  
Delights the ear, and far and wide, the eye,  
On lovely landscape bathed in liquid light,  
Feasts with enchanted gaze; to me the sight  
Of thy famed halls is inspiration high.  
They tell of soldier brave whose name you wear,  
Of learning based on Him who is the Truth,  
Of saint and martyr who for Christ did bear  
The Cross' light to a sin-darkened earth;  
While sweetly-pealing chimes waft through the air  
The story grand of all thy patriot youth.

*George Washington Cloak.*

*LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.*

The sun's last ray had vanished 'neath the hills  
And dusky twilight veiled each mead and wood,  
Till, one by one, the stars shot forth their gleams  
To lighten earth of her dark, shadowy hood.  
And soon from out her fairy eastern home,  
The moon came sailing thro' her sea of blue  
With wondrous luster bright'ning all she touched,  
And touching all, with softened silver hue.  
But yet, tho' mistress of the sky she ruled,  
The stars hid not their heads nor seemed dismay'd,  
Tho' the great queen illumined western hill,  
They threw their fire into eastern glade.  
I gazed upon them,—each one in its sphere,  
Doing the work assigned it from on high,  
Not fearful that the light the great moon shed  
Would hide the beaming of its soft, bright eye.  
And as I gazed I thought if, in this world,  
Each in his own small world, we'd thus obey,  
Untroubled by a brilliance round us cast  
Which seemed to plunge our light in endless day,

Our hearts which bid us do our little part  
Toward helping one whose gloom is deeper far,  
That radiance would not hide our kindly deeds  
But, by reflection, make them pure and clear.

Would that by others we were not o'erawed,  
But, strong in self, might shed our little light,  
Believing that 'twould fall in some poor heart  
The greater glory had not yet made bright!

*James Herbert Low.*

*FAREWELL TO THE SENIOR CLASS, '86.*

Good-bye;  
For you your college days have run, and now must cope  
With heartless world, each man to win his fight, we hope,  
And win the laurels too, each those that fortune may  
For him declare; but now we must with sad hearts say  
Good-bye.

No need  
To add that oft with pleasure you'll remembered be,  
That no one doubts; but, grasping close your hands,  
here we  
Would wish you joy, fortune, a pretty maid to wait  
For each; and, 'bove all else, honor we beg of Fate.  
God speed!

*William Clyde Fitch.*

*O queen enthroned in beauty,  
We leave thy gentle sway  
To bow to sterner duty  
That comes with each new day.  
In friendship strong, unbroken,  
Forth to life's toil we go  
With heartfelt thoughts unspoken,  
And hopes none else can know.*

*Truth's radiant story ever  
We shall with rapture read,  
And strive with firm endeavor  
To know the dark world's need.  
Unknown, the years before us,  
Chafe time's eternal shore ;  
But faith's pure sun shines o'er us  
To guide forevermore.*

*John Bigham.*











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THURSDAY

